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He: BUT, MY DEAR GIRL, WHY COMPLAIN? DON'T YOU KNOW THIS SORT OF  
THING IS ALL THE RAGE? DO YOU NEVER READ THE PAPERS?

• LIFE •

# A PORTFOLIO OF HEADS

By C. ALLAN GILBERT



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## TO EVERYBODY

THE 1000th number of LIFE is approaching. Preparations are now in progress for the celebration of this momentous event.

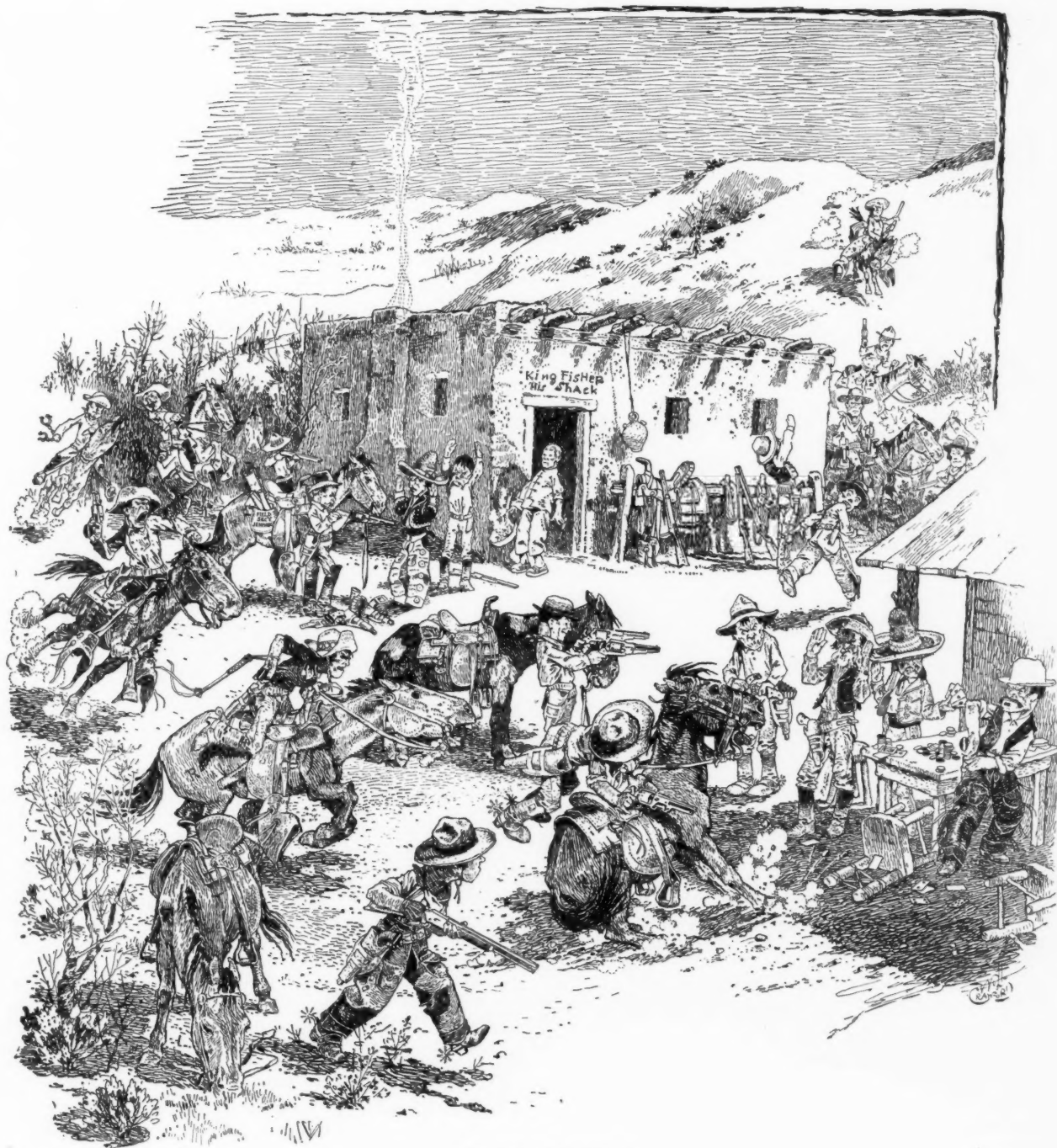
This number, dated December 26th, will be issued the day before Christmas. It will be the regular issue of that week, containing many more pages than usual, and richly illustrated and embellished by many portraits, also by such historical persiflage as will convey to LIFE's readers some idea of his experience in arriving at his present estate.



A cover of special import has been designed by Mr. Gibson for this unique publication. This 1000th number, a tribute to those who have made the paper what it is, will prove of exceptional interest to all who have followed LIFE's career.

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UNDER THE ACT OF 1891.

## LIFE



PURIFYING THE BORDERS.

THE TEXAS RANGERS RAIDING A HEADQUARTERS OF HORSE THIEVES, CATTLE-RUSTLERS AND "BAD" MEN.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

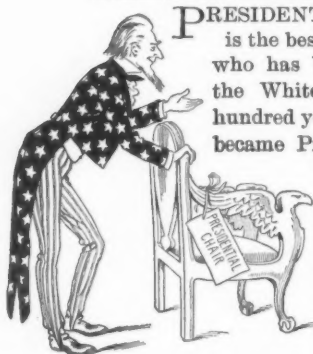
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**P**RESIDENT ROOSEVELT is the best known writer who has been master of the White House for a hundred years. Before he became President he had demonstrated his ability to make a good living with a pen. Jefferson could have done it too, though the literary market in his day was narrow and dull, but no President between him and Roosevelt had an independent standing as a man of letters, though Lincoln could get out of words all there was in them, and, what is more wonderful, could put into words all that was in his mind.

President's Roosevelt's message is lively, and easy, reading, and is worth several cents a word merely as current literature. It is long, but not excessively long, and shows vigor, knowledge, confidence and sound discretion. It is a pleasure to recommend it, even now, to the attention of persons who want to know what is going on, and what the problems are that most need attention from our Government. It recommends many things that we all want to see accomplished—Federal legislation anent the anarchists, the careful and intelligent regulation of trusts, due attention to the important concerns of forestry and irrigation, the strengthening of the navy and the improvement of the army, the regeneration of the Philippines, a liberal

trade policy towards Cuba, the construction of an interoceanic canal, extension of the scope of the Civil Service rules, and an advance in our methods of dealing with the Indians. The President also recommends Government aid for our merchant marine, a proposition as to the expediency of which much doubt still remains in the public mind.



**T**HE number of representatives which the several States send to Congress is determined by their population. Some of the Southern States have disfranchised most of their negroes, or propose to do so. The question is sure to come up whether the representation of such States in Congress shall not be reduced. There is at present one Congressman to one hundred and seventy-four thousand people. But if—say in Alabama—only one-third of the total male population of voting age has the right to vote, is it just that that third shall have as much voice in Congress as three times as many voters from Massachusetts? Most of us would rather recognize the existence of this question than discuss it, but Mr. Moody, the able Representative from one of the Massachusetts districts, thinks the time is ripe for talk about it, and has taken measures to bring it before Congress. Mr. Moody is not a mischief-maker and he doubtless knows that the sleeping dog which he proposes to kick will raise a mighty howl when awakened. Here's wishing him prayerful consideration while he forms his plans, and grace and circumspection in forwarding them. That dog has had sore trials, and has many well-wishers who will hate to disturb him, and would like to give him the best possible chance to grow fat.



**T**HE President said nothing in his message about Miss Stone, whose predicament excites more concern in the mind of the American public than any other foreign complication now in sight. The very latest news of her at

this writing is that she is still alive and well and likely to be speedily released. That is as satisfactory as any news can be while the brigands still hold the lady, but what we want to hear is that Miss Stone and her companion have been released. No one seems qualified to deny that everything possible has been done that should have been done in her behalf. Turkish brigands are deliberate folks, and very solicitous, it would seem, to get the last dollar out of their fiscal transactions. The last quotations reported on Miss Stone are one hundred thousand dollars asked, sixty thousand dollars bid. The sentiment of the American negotiators is, not that the lady is not worth the price asked, but that the sum offered is quite as much as her captors ought to receive,

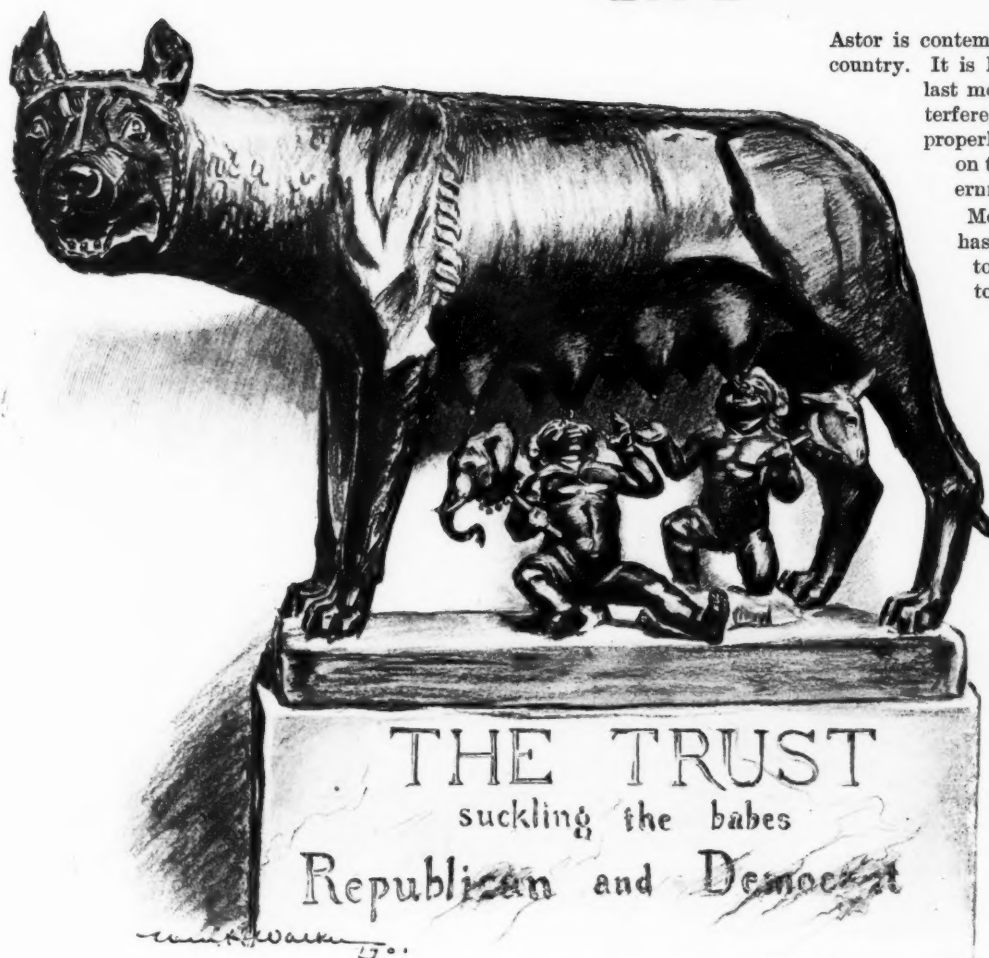


**T**HERE is a deplorably high death rate in the reconcentrado camps in which the British have now rounded up the greater part of what was once the population of the Transvaal. In June thirteen camps, wherein forty thousand persons are held, showed deaths at a rate ranging from thirty-one to five hundred and nineteen per thousand per annum. The average was over two hundred. It is a bad showing and sorrowful to think of. Readers who do not want to think about it because they can do nothing to better it are invited to turn their minds instead to a consideration of prisons at home. Almost all of them need attention. Those of New York are in a scandalous condition, full of disease, especially tuberculosis, and have—most of them—been condemned by a Commission as unfit for use. Sing Sing Prison is the worst.

While one of the richest commonwealths in the world maintains such a place as Sing Sing Prison, its citizens cannot grumble with much grace about detention camps in South Africa. But there is this great difference, that the population of Sing Sing would be small loss to the world if it ceased to live, whereas these poor Boer people in the detention camps are not criminals; but stout human stuff that is needed in the world.







HOW WOULD THIS LOOK IN WALL STREET IN PLACE OF THAT STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON?

### Our Personal Column.

**A**NTHONY COMSTOCK is considering an offer from the Boston Library to act as its official censor. It is not probable, however, that he will accept, for while the atmosphere would no doubt be thoroughly congenial, it is thought that New York, even with a reform administration, offers him a wider field for the gratification of his individual tastes.

The new work by the dishonorable Russell A. Alger is said to be doing very well. General Nelson Miles is reported to have said that it "is the most interesting work of fiction I ever remember to have seen. Among historical novelists the author is entitled to first place."

Friends of Mr. John D. Rockefeller will be pained to learn that his Standard Oil dividends during the last year have amounted to only 48%, or \$16,000,000, on the stock which he holds. Up to the last moment it was supposed that the last quarterly dividend would be 10% instead of 8%, thus bringing the total up to 50%. In this emergency the prayers of all good Baptists will surely not be withheld.

M. Santos-Dumont is busy constructing a flying machine for the use of Lord Kitchener in South Africa.

Rumor has it that Dr. Charles Parkhurst will have his sermons dramatized. Mr. Paul Dana, of the *Sun*, will whip them into dramatic shape.

It is said that William Waldorf

Astor is contemplating a flying visit to this country. It is hoped, however, that at the last moment Washington will interfere, and prevent what would properly be considered a hostile act on the part of the British Government.

Menelik II., King of Abyssinia, has extended a cordial invitation to all of our Southern editors to visit him at his home on the east slope of Africa. Menelik says he can show his friendship for Booker T. Washington in no more fitting way than to arrange for a grand barbecue, with his distinguished journalistic guests as the star actors. One of the courses will be "planked editor."

Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech, declared that astronomy was not a good thing to be taught, as it took away ambition. It is said that, following this hint, Mr. Richard Croker, for some years past receiver of taxes in the Borough of Manhattan, will immediately place himself under the complete charge of Sir Robert Ball, F. R. A. S.

**LAWYER:** When I was a boy, my highest ambition was to be a pirate.

**CLIENT:** You're in luck.

It isn't every man who can realize the dreams of his youth.



This is the "Merry Christmas Time." It comes but once a year, But when it comes — there's no mistake — Pa knows that it is here.

### Life's Anecdote Contest.

Many contributions to this contest have been rejected, because they did not comply with the conditions, which will be found in our advertising pages.

It should be borne in mind by contestants that anecdotes already familiar to the reading public are not desirable.

The more humor there is in each anecdote the more likely it will be to have a place in this department.

#### NUMBER 1.

TARLETON could not bear to hear his enemy praised. When some ladies in Charleston were eulogizing Colonel Washington, he replied, with a scornful air, "I would be very glad to get a sight of Colonel Washington; I have heard much talk of him, but have never yet seen him." "Had you looked behind you, at the battle of Cowpens," rejoined one of the ladies, "you might easily have enjoyed that pleasure."

From "Percy Anecdotes."

Harper and Brothers, 1859.

#### NUMBER 2.

Of William and John Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell and Lord Eldon, Lord John Russell used to tell with infinite zest a story which he declared to be highly characteristic of the methods by which they made their fortunes and position. When they were young men at the Bar, having had a stroke of professional luck, they determined to celebrate the occasion by having a dinner at a tavern and going to the play. When it was time to call for the reckoning William Scott dropped a guinea. He and his brother searched for it in vain, and came to the conclusion that it had fallen between the boards of the uncarpeted floor.

"This is a bad job," said William; "we must give up the play." "Stop a bit," said John; "I know a trick worth two of that," and called the waitress.

"Betty," said he, "we've dropped two guineas. See if you can find them." Betty went down on her hands and knees, and found the one guinea, which had rolled under the fender. "That's a very good girl, Betty," said John Scott, pocketing the coin, "and when you find the other you can keep it for your trouble."

And the prudent brothers went with a light heart to the play and so eventually to the Bench and the Woolsack.

From "Collections and Recollections."

Harper and Brothers, 1898.

#### NUMBER 3.

It is told that in the Sunday-school which she faithfully taught during the years that she remained in the old church, she was

asked by one of the little people, "Mrs. Lyman, where is Heaven?" She put on her most solemn aspect, remained silent for a moment, then, in an impressive tone, with long pauses between, answered, "It is neither before you—nor behind you—nor above you—nor yet under your feet." Then, with a rapid transition to a lighter tone, she said, inclining her head in his direction, "Parson Williams can tell you the exact spot."

From "Recollections of My Mother."

By Susan I. Lesley.

Printed by Geo. H. Ellis, 1889.

#### NUMBER 4.

The Government was contemplating the despatch of an expedition to Burma, with a view to taking Rangoon, and a question arose as to who would be the fittest general to be sent in command of the expedition. The Cabinet sent for the Duke of Wellington and asked his advice. He instantly replied, "Send Lord Combermere."

"But we have always understood that your Grace thought Lord Combermere a fool."

"So he is a fool, and a damned fool, but he can take Rangoon."

From "Collections and Recollections."

Harper and Brothers, 1898.

#### NUMBER 5.

At dinner at Balliol the Master's guests were discussing the careers of two Balliol men, one of whom had just been made a judge and the other a bishop. "Oh," said Henry Smith, "I think the bishop is the greater man. A judge, at the most, can only say, 'You be hanged,' but a bishop can say, 'You be damned.'" "Yes," characteristically twittered the Master, "but if the judge says, 'You be hanged,' you are hanged."

From "Collections and Recollections."

Harper and Brothers, 1898.

### Gentlemen.

"YOU don't know how to make love!" sneered the Gentleman of the Old School.

"No," laughed the Gentleman of the New School, "I leave all that to the women! I have need only to make money!"

"I WONDER why they haven't started any yellow journals in Cuba yet?"

"I don't believe there are enough Americans there to support one."



MR. MORRIS BAGBY'S morning musicales have become an important feature of New York's winter season. Mr. Bagby, being an artist himself, knows how to arrange an interesting programme. And as he always seems to have his pocket full of stars, he produces two or three at each musicale, thus making each occasion noteworthy.

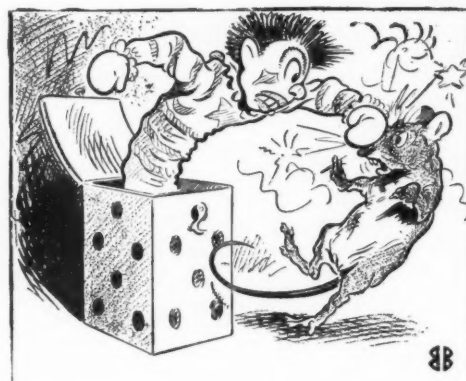
Triumphant critics have pointed out the defects of the amazing little genius who recently made his début at Carnegie Hall before a wildly enthusiastic audience. Herr Kubelik is without pose or affectation, and his quiet, dignified manner adds charm to his marvelous playing. The storms of applause which greeted him were not always in the right place, but the audience was, on the whole, musically intelligent. It is evident that this young artist is to have a brilliant career. Even fashion and hysterical females cannot blight genius such as his.

### The Boer Tobacco Fund.

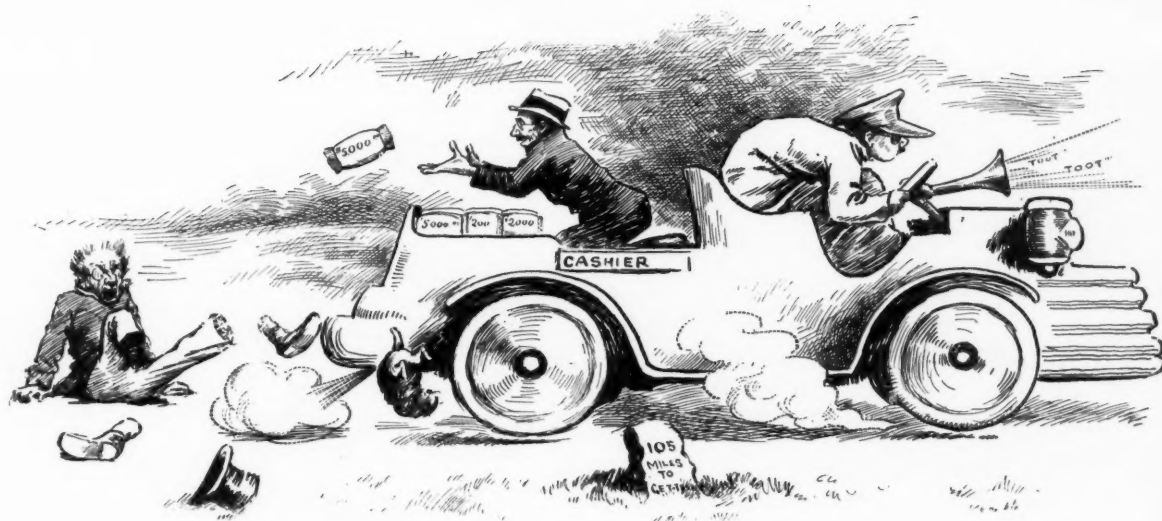
THE captive Boers in Bermuda will receive in a day or two forty-five more, making a total of seventy pounds of smoking tobacco—seemingly a large amount, but it should be remembered that there are five thousand of them. The following are the contributions received up to the date of going to press:

Previously acknowledged .....	\$41.02
W. A. S., Flushing .....	1.00
Panetela .....	5.00

\$47.02



A CHRISTMAS BOX.



WHY INTERRUPT THE GENTLEMAN WHEN HE IS HAVING HIS FUN? A FIXED RATE FOR THE LOSS OF A LIMB COULD BE SETTLED WITHOUT THE ANNOYANCE OF HAVING TO STOP THE MACHINE.

### THE LATEST BOOKS

FOR readers with abounding leisure Lucas Malet's novel, *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*, will make entertaining reading. It is a strong story pleasantly told, and if Mrs. Harrison has covered seven hundred pages with what might have been told in four, at least she is never tiresome. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

*The Rights of Man*, by Lyman Abbott, is devoted to the practical and theoretical consideration of governmental problems. Where the author deals with the actual questions of

the day he handles them lucidly and interestingly, but his historical and philosophical generalizations please the ear rather than the intellect.

(Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

Thomas A. Janvier shows as much talent for handling tragedy in the four tales published under the title of *In Great Waters* as he has formerly shown aptitude for charming comedy. The simi-

larity of theme in the four stories is cleverly contrasted with the varying atmospheres of Lake Superior, the Zuyder Zee and the Mediterranean. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)

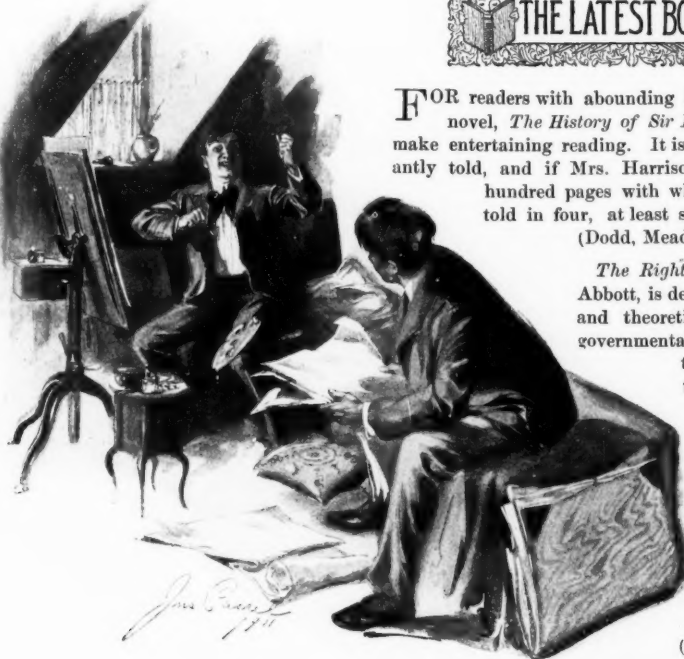
The fact that Anna Katharine Green continues to publish two detective stories a year is evidence that they pay. She has indeed written two good ones—but what are they among so many? *One of My Sons*, her latest effort, is another to the bad. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

Some one has spoken of *Some Women I Have Known*, by Maarten Maartens, as a series of miniatures. We would rather liken them to a series of charcoal sketches, strong, suggestive and artistic. They make good reading. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Golfer's Rubaiyat*, by H. W. Boynton, is neither a parody nor a take-off; it is a rendering of Omar Khayyam's famous poem into the language of golf. Imbued alike with the spirit of the game and the philosophy of the Persian sage, this little book is clever from cover to cover. (Herbert S. Stone and Company, Chicago.)

Reading *John Forsyth's Aunts*, by Sarah Orne White, is like living in the New England village where the scene is laid. One complains of the slowness and pettiness of it all, only to find oneself looking back upon it with a certain affection. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

The account given in *Calumet "K,"*



HIS FIRST PROFITS.

*The Visitor*: HORRORS! THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS WRECKED AND TOTALLY DESTROYED BY FIRE!

*Young Artist*: HURRAH! GOOD!

"ARE YOU CRAZY?"

"NO, BUT I EXPRESSED A DRAWING ON THAT TRAIN, AND I VALUED IT AT FIFTY DOLLARS. NOW THE EXPRESS COMPANY WILL HAVE TO PAY FOR IT."





*Leader of the Band:* ACH HIMMEL, FELLERS! I GUESS UP AGAINST ID HARD YE ARE. ALL DEM HONEY SALOONS ARE CLOSED ALREADY YET.

by Messrs. Merwin-Webster, of the building against time of a huge grain elevator in Chicago, is exciting and interesting. It is like hearing a successful man talk shop. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

*J. B. Kerfoot.*

#### OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Violet Fairy Book." By *Andrew Lang*. (Longmans, Green and Company.)

"Denslow's Mother Goose." By *W. W. Denslow*. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

"Wildersmoor." By *C. L. Antrobus*. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

#### Fate and Nature.

FATE and Nature once met on the highway and paused to view a Man and a Maid who wandered beside the brooklet. The Maid did not know how to do her hair, poor thing, and she had as much figure as Mrs. Ham in a child's Noah's Ark, but this was due to a chronic case of culturitis, from which she was an acute sufferer. So severe was her malady that when the craving for lectures and courses of reading was upon her, even new gowns, hats and chiffons failed to divert her mind. Her mother, who was an immune from the disease, affirmed that nothing but an experience of the responsibilities and disillusionments of marriage would cure her.

The Man was a pedagogue. He wore a white necktie and spoke from his throat. He was like Jove among the nymphs at a teachers' meeting, where he urged dejected women-teachers to "strive constantly for a higher standard of work"; but he really was at his best in the summer school when



"MEN MAY COME, AND MEN MAY GO, BUT I GO ON FOR EVA."

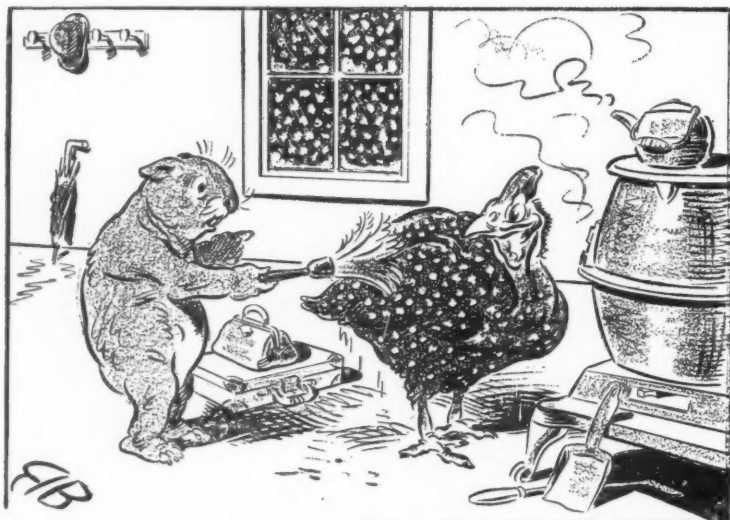
he thrilled his auditors with a description of the way in which he had outwitted and overmastered a child of seven, who was "a menace to the school." Then he would move the audience to spontaneous laughter by reading aloud the written impressions of the childish mind concerning Browning's poetry.

"Can it be," he would cry tragically, "that children are mere animals and have no appreciation of 'Sordello,' or 'Bishop Blougram's Apology'? I cannot, I will not believe it, even in the face of the appalling facts."

"That will certainly be a match," said Fate, complacently, as the Man and the Maid passed out of sight. "And I shall get the credit of it. Every one will say, 'It is Fate.'"

"Don't be too sure," said Mother Nature. "I happen to know that the Maid will be united to a lusty young husbandman, and that the Man will eventually marry his landlady, who will wear a peroxide fringe and say, 'If he had not come when he did, I would have went to my grave unwed.' And that, my dear, is Nature."

*Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.*



A NEW ARRIVAL.

*The Gopher:* I CAN'T GET THE SNOW OFF YOU.

*The Guinea-fowl:* THOSE ARE THE POLKA-DOTS ON MY PLUMAGE



NEW YORK IN THE FUTURE. ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME.



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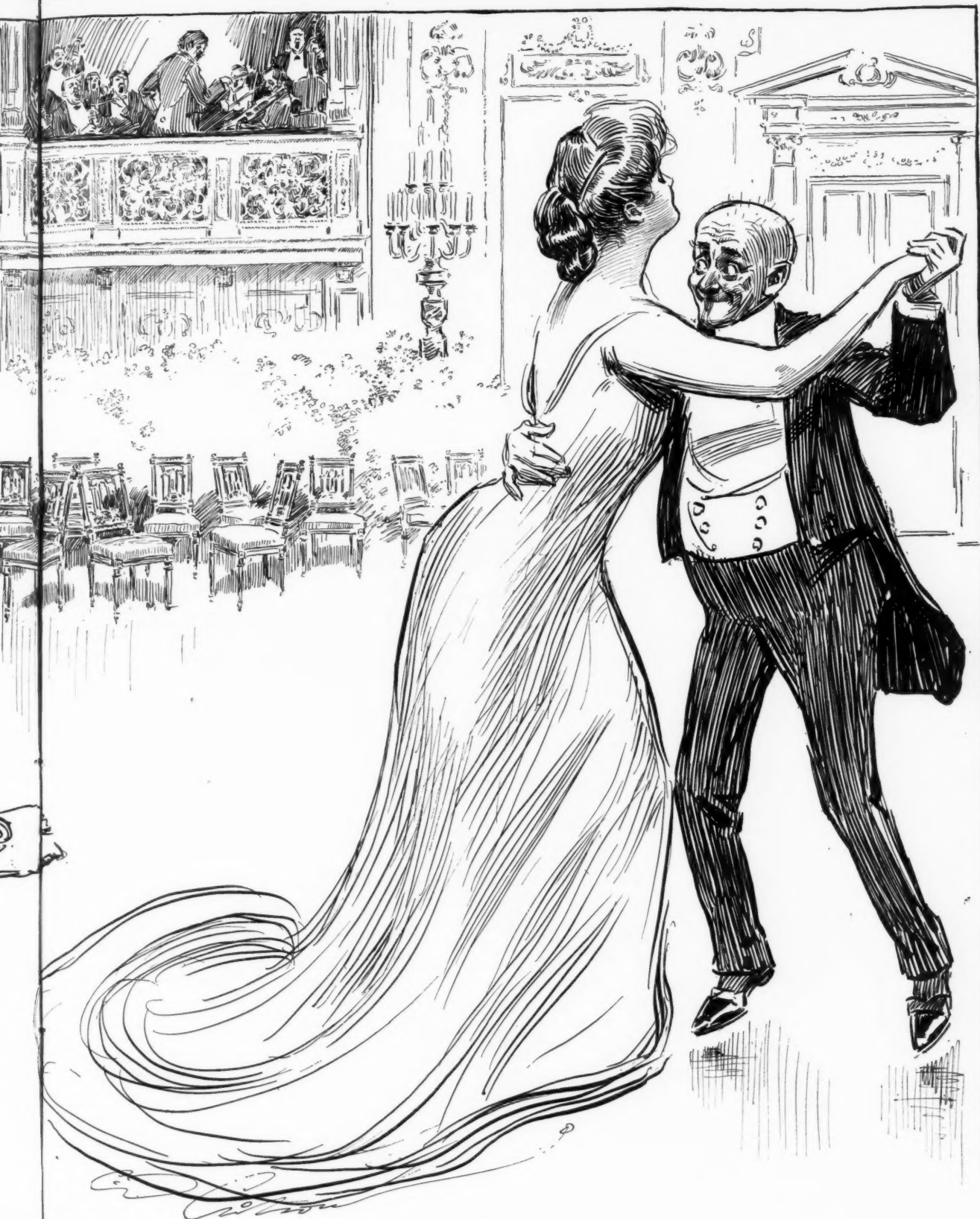
HIS VENGE

Time: Any evening of

MR. DIGGS, HAVING BEEN KEPT UP LATE FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS, REBU

MRS. DIGGS AND THE GIRL NOW





HIS REVENGE.

Any evening at 4:15.

YEARS OF REBUKED FOR HIS LACK OF INTEREST, DEVELOPS A SUDDEN ENTHUSIASM.  
THE GIRLS NOW DO THE WAITING.



### Up-to-Date and Out-of-Date Drama.

**A** CLYDE FITCH play whose principal interest rests in its plot is a novelty indeed. Hitherto the energies of this most prolific writer of plays have been bestowed on matters of detail, bits of local color and the depiction of scenes from real life reproduced on the stage with the painstaking fidelity of the painter of miniatures. In "The Girl and the Judge" he gives us a virile story little dependent for its interest on the deft adaptation of stage possibilities to the actualities of contemporary life. The heroine's ingenious methods of turning a room in a Western boarding-house into a possible living place reflect Mr. Fitch's remarkable capacity for observation in the minor matters of every-day existence, but amusing as this feature is it is not the important essential in the play that some similar accomplishments have been in his other pieces. This time Mr. Fitch has subordinated setting to plot with a distinct gain in the quality of the latter. More than this, he has abandoned his beloved metropolis and the depiction of its smart ways with a distinct gain in the value of his characters.

To Annie Russell falls the part of the heroine, a sweet, womanly girl whose parents are at the point of separation through the kleptomania of the mother and the—presumably consequent—dipsomania of the father. Her mission in the piece is through her love for them both to bring them together and incidentally to win the affection and name of the young Western legal light who has been invoked to break the marital bond. The part fits Annie Russell to perfection. It gives full opportunity to her winsomeness, her sweetness, her tenderness and her plaitiveness. She is the central figure of the play, and so well has she merged the character in herself and herself in the character that it would be hard to indicate an imperfect moment between her first appearance in *Judge Chartris's* office as the loving but shamefaced daughter and the final curtain when she makes a flying skip over the remarkable sofa-bed in the boarding-house

to land triumphantly in the *Judge's* arms. The cast is excellent. Mr. Orrin Johnson, the *Judge*, who was once stiff and filled with the importance of his profession, has developed into naturalness and promise. Mrs. Gilbert has a suitable part, which, as always, she fills delightfully. The fun is supplied largely by Mrs. McKee Rankin's well-drawn impersonation of a boarding-house keeper who thinks she has seen better days.

The Syndicate should cling to Mr. Clyde Fitch with the traditional tenacity of grim death to the dying negro. Mr. Fitch supplies an artistic fidelity and conscientiousness which the Syndicate sadly needs.

\* \* \*

**T**HE uninterestingness of "The Helmet of Navarre" is an encouraging symptom. It shows, handsomely as the piece is mounted, that we are getting tired of dramatizations of the swash-buckling novel. Both books and plays of this class have been having a tremendous vogue. This was a natural and wholesome reaction against the diet of the problem novel and play. Of course the pendulum, as in all such movements, swung to the opposite extreme. Otherwise such a play as "The Helmet of Navarre" could never have found a presentation, much less the expensive one given at the Criterion Theatre. The plot is turgid and requires the conventional five-acts of the historical plays of a by-gone era. It shifts and jumps and makes demands on the imagination of the auditor which modern play-goers are loath to grant.

The setting, as said before, is unusually handsome, in both scenery and costumes. The acting in the main is pretty bad, but the material at the command of the actors would stump even a better company. Mr. Dalton, who plays the hero, has the physique, but before a final verdict as to his powers can be given he must be judged in a part not so "fat" as his *Marcus* in "The Sign of the Cross" nor so lean in artistic possibilities as *Eltienne* in the present case. Bad delivery is a curse of the American stage to-day, but it is easier to endure than the exasperating monotonous distinctness of

Miss Grace Elliston as *Lorance*. The one pleasing bit is the spirited *Blanche de Tavannes* of Miss Eleanor Barry.

Doubtless the authors of the piece and the Mr. Erlynn, who plays the part, think they have some authority in history for making *King Henry of Navarre* the ridiculous guy he is here pictured. If this is true, they might better have left to their audiences the old ideal of the white-plumed, gallant, "sovereign lord." Historical accuracy—if this be historical accuracy—has its place on the stage, but here is a case, and especially in a staged romance, where truth might wisely have been sacrificed to avoid a very unpleasant characterization. *Metcalfe.*

### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Broadway.*—Fairly spectacle, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." Big ballet, clever comedians and fine scenery.

*Bijou.*—*Levi Cohen*, an East-side auctioneer whose ups and downs are cleverly depicted by David Warfield.

*Criterion.*—"The Helmet of Navarre." See above.

*Daly's.*—"The Messenger Boy," as represented by Mr. James T. Powers, is drawing near the end of his New York career. A fairly amusing musical piece.

*Empire.*—Mr. John Drew in "The Second in Command." Clean and fairly clever society comedy.

*Fourteenth Street.*—Rural drama by Eugene Presbrey, entitled "New England Folks." Interesting.

*Garden.*—Virginia Harned in "Alice of Old Vincennes." Notice later.

*Garrick.*—"A Message from Mars," by Charles Hawtrey and English company. Fanciful but clever.

*Herald Square.*—Richard Mansfield in "Beaucaire." Not calculated to set the East River on fire.

*Knickerbocker.*—"Quality Street," by J. M. Barrie, with Maude Adams as the star. Colorless and only moderately diverting.

*Lyceum.*—Annie Russell in "The Girl and the Judge." See above.

*Manhattan.*—Mrs. Fiske in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch." A good performance of a not very good play.

*Madison Square.*—Last week of "Liberty Bells," with its pretty girls and fun.

*Republic.*—"Under Southern Skies." A play of life in the South just after the War. Well staged and acted.

*Savoy.*—Mr. Henry Miller in Louis Evan Shipman's "D'Arcy of the Guards." Notice later.

*Victoria.*—"The Marriage Game," with Sadie Martinot. Notice later.

*Wallack's.*—"Colorado," by Augustus Thomas. Interesting but rather melodramatic for Broadway.

*Weber and Fields's Music Hall.*—Burlesque and vaudeville. The house speculator who helps to increase the price of seats has disappeared from the lobby. Why? And where is he?



GOLF.

ADDRESSING THE BALL.

### A Revised Version.

**BLADE:** Do you think the Cragsons are as happy now that they have made their pile?

**GRASSE:** Why, yes, only the song for them will have to read this way now:

Home, home, sweet home,  
There's no place like our houses at

Newport,  
Lenox,  
Tuxedo,  
Aiken  
and New York.

### Sense.

**O**NCE upon a time a certain People experienced an Access of Sense.

The women now put Comfort before Looks, and the men formed the Habit of chewing their Food.

But hereupon, there being no sale for Corsets or Patent Medicines, the Press speedily became a Thing of the Past, through lack of Advertising Patronage.

Thus it came about that this People woke up one morning to find themselves crassly ignorant of who all were at Newport and what they were doing there, to say nothing of who had been murdered.

And they were given Pause, and fell to wondering if, after all, Folly in Moderation were not a Good Thing.



THAT VIRTUE HATH ITS OWN REWARD  
IS TRUE, AS MAMMA SAID,  
FOR I'VE BEEN GOOD, AND NOW THERE IS  
A HALO 'ROUND MY HEAD.



*Santa Claus (up in the chimney): GRACIOUS! I WISH THEY'D GIVE ME MY CUE SO I COULD GET OUT OF HERE.*

**OFFICE KID**  
(showing visitors over a newspaper office): This is the third and last room of the art department. This is the room where they mark in the crosses where the body was found.



A HOOKEY DAY EPISODE.

WHEN THE SCHOOLMASTER RANG THE BELL THERE WERE NO BOYS IN THE YARD, BUT HE CAUGHT THE SIGNAL FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE POND.



### The Historical Novelist.

UNDER the history chestnut tree  
The novel maker stands;  
A superficial brain has he,  
But strong and able hands.  
He thumps that tree with might and  
main,  
And calculating frown,  
And like a shower of hail or rain,  
Those chestnuts tumble down.  
And then, tho'men may weep, he notes  
No human victim's cry,  
But crams those chestnuts down the  
throats  
Of every passer-by.

### What Might Be Ours.

A SHORT stroll through the crowded shops in this season of buying and present-giving should convince us that Mr. Cleveland is not far wrong when he expiates upon the comforts of poverty. How pleasant to feel that there is an insurmountable barrier between us and this terrible array of objects which otherwise it might be our fate to purchase. If the indigence of our friends—and poor people always have poor friends—protects us still further from the possibility of getting any of them as Christmas gifts, we are blessed, indeed, in the happy bareness of our lot.

For the assiduity of tradespeople, upheld by a lamentable and widespread preference for whatever is ugly and inappropriate, has oppressed the civilized world with a heavy burden of inutilities that encumber life, and disfigure it. Thousands of these things are spread on every side of us. At first there seems no method in their madness, no definite plan pursued in reaching the meretricious; but closer study reveals one vital principle at work in their construction. Whatever they really are, they must always appear to be something else.

Thus the facsimile of a churn is actually a waste-paper basket. Churns never appearing in living-rooms, and never holding waste paper, shoppers are naturally enchanted by the ingenuity which introduces one into the family circle. Yet lest its bald simplicity should offend our ornate taste, flowers are painted trailing over one side of the object, which is made

of some cheap material imitating leather. So we have a counterfeit churn, of counterfeit leather, decorated with roses, and intended as a receptacle for paper. It is an adroit mind that can wander so far afield.

A bronze buffalo, six inches high, and weighing several pounds, appears at first sight to be meant as an incumbrance only; but the obliging shopman lifts its hump, and discloses a tiny ink-well, hardly one inch in diameter. It is a deal of buffalo for a half-pennyworth of ink. A more unfortunate donkey has two holes hollowed in its back—one for matches, and another for cigar ashes. Think of knocking ashes into a crater in a donkey's back! A neatly thatched china cottage has for inmates two china dogs. They sit at the threshold, engaged in amorous conversation. One dog wears a bonnet, the other, a hat. The hatted dog smokes a pipe, by which slender clue Sherlock Holmes would know at once that the cottage is meant for a tobacco box.

Nothing is more truly admired than a combination of art and reality. A hunting scene with a real crop and real spurs fastened on the frame reminds us pleasantly of the pump and tubs secured by the immortal Mr. Crummles. A photograph of a tiger with iron bars fastened across the glass is always warranted to please; while a painted door with real hinges, against which painted birds are hanging by a real cord, fastened to a painted nail, attracts a crowd so dense that a policeman is compelled to disperse it. A rare success has been scored by a print of a young slave in the market place, with diminutive steel chains neatly glued to her wrists; while a sofa cushion displays a painted head with the shoulders modestly draped in folds of spangled gauze.

Yet the land is full of art schools; and extension lecturers are busy explaining to us the principle of beauty.

Agnes Repplier.

### On the Right Road.

THE PARSON: What do you suppose will become of you when you grow up, if you never go to Sunday-school?

THE KID: Don't yer worry 'bout me, boss. I'm goin' ter be a politician.

### Kickers' Column.

*The Editor regrets that he is compelled to exclude many interesting letters on account of their length. Letters should not be longer than two hundred words, and are more likely to be inserted if still shorter.*

### TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir: While I have as much antipathy to illustrated murders and sensationalism in the daily papers as LIFE has, I like to see fair play, and I want to ask LIFE to give "yellow journalism" credit for what good there is in it. Do you not think that the wave of reform that put Van Wyck twenty thousand votes behind his ticket was due in large measure to the prominence given his career by the *New York Journal*? And what paper can be compared with it in the matter of fearless editorials advocating some of the most enlightened and progressive principles without regard to the fierce antagonism of great vested interests, unless it be, dear LIFE (I have known you since your first issue), your own editorial page? I can see you wince at being placed in such company—but be not too boastful, for while the Theatrical Syndicate may not control your utterances, is your conscience as absolutely clear in regard to the "deadly cigarette," whose alluring advertisements have been so liberally placed in your pages?

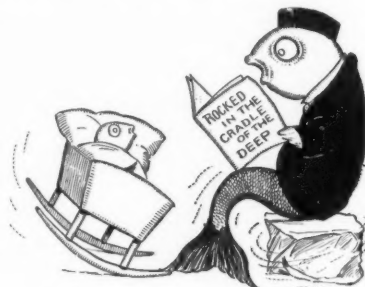
Truly yours,

E. H. Moore.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

### EDITOR OF LIFE:

Your policy of ventilating the Jewish characteristics is the most refreshing thing in your publication. The reason I write this is to assure you that for each enemy you may make through your vigorous policy you will gain a dozen admirers who approve of your decided stand. I am a traveling man, whose misfortune it is to be thrown with the class in question constantly. They are disgusting and vulgar in their personal



MR. BASS SINGING HIS FAVORITE LULLABY.

manners, insincere generally in their professed friendships, and absurdly confiding and vain. For one I say heartily, keep it up. It may teach them something.

Yours truly,  
H. P.  
LORDSBURG, N. M.  
EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir: Citizen S. O. Howes makes a grievous blunder when he tells you that "no

other President extended such hospitality to the negro." In 1815 Thomas Jefferson invited a colored slave, Julius Melbourn, to dine with him.

Dear LIFE, what is the matter with our friends? Social equality cannot be made to order. Everything has its level, even to the Pharisee, who thus prays with himself: "I thank Thee I am not as the rest of men." Very truly yours,  
W. N. B.  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir: In your editorial discussing the Roosevelt affair you take a view that does the Southern people an injustice, and you argue from a false premise.

No one denies Theodore Roosevelt, private citizen, the right to do as he pleases, but Theodore Roosevelt, President, is public property, and his every act is subject to public approval or disapproval. He is as much our President as he is yours, and he has outraged all Southern traditions. He has made by that one act the negroes bolder by assuring them that the South is wrong in denying them equality—that the President of the country is a friend and an associate; hence they are just as good as any other white folks. Groups of negroes surround one of their own color, who read to them the account of this affair, and it affords them satisfaction to see the South thus slapped in the face.

I am a Republican and voted for Roosevelt, and I do not believe he did it intentionally. Still he has committed a wrong, and to defend his course is more premeditated than the act itself.

A Southern Republican.  
MORGAN CITY, LA.

Something.

THE MILLIONAIRE:  
After all, my money hasn't brought us happiness.

HIS WIFE: But it has made us objects of envy.



Nancy (trying to pick up some lost stitches in a stocking): O DEAR! I CAN'T DO THIS!  
"YOU MUST HAVE PATIENCE, DEAR CHILD. DON'T YOU KNOW ROME WAS NOT BUILT IN A DAY?"  
Nancy (indignantly): IF GOD MADE HEAVEN AND EARTH IN six DAYS, I GUESS IT DIDN'T TAKE HIM MORE THAN TWENTY MINUTES TO MAKE ROME.



CROKER'S SOLILOQUY.

O, now, forever  
Farewell the job of boss! farewell the graft!  
Farewell the ox-eyed clinch, and the big mitt,  
That made me what I have been! O, farewell!  
Farewell the dens of vice that filled my purse,  
The house disorderly, the wine-room vile,  
And other joints too hideous for print,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of Croker's graft!  
And, oh, you Tiger, whose ensanguined maw  
The ancient dragon's foul breath counterfeits!  
Farewell! I'm off for Europe and my moat!

—Chicago Tribune

A "JOLLY" DIALOGUE—BY AINTANY HOPE.

"Good afternoon, Lady Mickleham," I remarked, smiling to myself at my cleverness.

"Is that all you have to say?" answered Dolly, gracefully swinging the kitten by its tail.

"I've got to start the conversation somehow," I replied quickly, casting about for an epigram.

"Yes, but you ought to say something really bright, you know. Here we're half down the page and haven't a *bon-mot* to our credit. Come! Make a pun if you can't do anything else."

"I can't think of one bad enough," I responded in dismay, absently putting forward the hands of the onyx clock.

"Then we'd better come to business. What's your object in calling so regularly? You've been at it now for a longer time than I care to mention. Now—"

"I guess I must be going," I remarked with graceful

*finesse*, and reached for my hat; but Dolly smilingly placed it on the floor and put her foot through it, with a touch of firmness, as I thought.

"It's no use, Mr. Carter," she went on, "Mrs. Hilary knows everything about us."

"Then she knows a great deal more than you or I or any of our readers," said I, greatly relieved to have made a witty remark at last.

"You know she passed us in her automobile Sunday," said Dolly, pensively plucking the fur from the kitten's back.

"Mrs. Hilary," I replied impressively, capturing the kitten, "Mrs. Hilary knows nothing. A woman who knows half what she tells will tell all."

"Oh, you delightful cynic!" cried Dolly, admiringly, kissing me. "And we'll have dear old Dr. Feebly to perform the ceremony, won't we?"

In my sudden agitation I dropped the kitten down the back of my neck.

"Now you've done it!" said Dolly, pouting. "You've lost the only means we had of filling up the gaps in the conversation. We'll have to end the chapter."

Seeing the force of her observation, I rushed to the club.

—Harvard Lampoon.

"I THOUGHT you guaranteed that suit of underwear you sold me not to shrink?" said the customer, who entered the store and stood in a somewhat cramped attitude.

"I did," replied the merchant; "if it shrinks bring it back."

"I have brought it back," said the customer, in evident embarrassment, "but I got caught out in the rain and can't get it off."—Ohio State Journal.

ON GIRLS.

"Girls are very stuckup and dignified in their manner and behaviour. They think more of dress than anything and like to play with dowls and rags. They cry if they see a cow in afar distance and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time and go to Church every Sunday. They are al-ways sick. They are al-ways funny and making fun of boys hands and they say how dirty. They cant play marbels. I pity them poor things. They make fun of boys and then turn round and love them. I dont beleave they ever killed a cat or any thing. They look out every nite and say oh ant the moon lovely. Thir is one thing I have not told and that is they al-ways now their lessons bettern boys."

—From English as She Is Taught, by Caroline B. LeRow.

To confuse a witness is generally an easy task, and lawyers know no easier way than to make a witness explain the meaning of his words, knowing that very few people can do so without getting excited. Occasionally a victim resents this nagging, and answers in a spirited and unexpected manner. A lawyer was cross-examining a young girl of rather haughty temper. She had testified that she had seen the defendant "shy" a book at the plaintiff, and the lawyer had seized on the word.

"Shy—shy a book? What do you mean by that? Will you explain to the Court what the word 'shy' means?"

The girl leaned over the desk beneath the witness-box, picked up a law book and threw it at the lawyer's head, who dodged just in time.

"I think the Court now understands the meaning of the word 'shy,'" said the Judge, gravely, and the girl was allowed to finish her testimony without further interruption.

—Exchange.

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· LIFE ·



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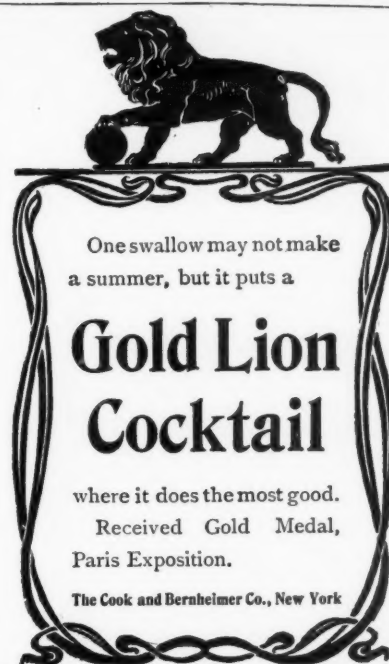
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# ·LIFE·



"WHAT are marsupials?" asked the teacher, and Johnny was ready with his answer.

"Animals that have pouches in their stomachs," he said, glibly.

"And for what are these pouches used?" asked the teacher, ignoring the slight inaccuracy of the answer. "I'm sure that you know that, too."

"Yes'm," said Johnny, with encouraging promptness. "The pouches are for them to crawl into and conceal themselves when pursued."—*Youth's Companion*.

## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

May be occupied by people in a very ugly mood if an emergency arises and there is no telephone service available. Have it in *your* house and take no chances. Rates in Manhattan from \$48 a year. New York Telephone Company, 111 West 38th St., 215 West 125th St.

"I SUPPOSE," said the physician, smiling and trying to appear witty, while feeling the pulse of a lady patient, "I suppose you consider me an old humbug?"

"Why, doctor," replied the lady, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse."—*Chicago News*.

## MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

To distinguish the genuine article from its numerous imitations, look out for the "Trade Mark," which consists of a narrow white strip label bearing the fac-simile signature of Lanman & Kemp, New York, sole proprietors.

SING a song of short grass, a pocket full of gold; two hundred head of feeders and fifty two-year-olds. Add a patch of roughening, bluestem stacked in rows; is it any wonder that Western Kansas blows?

—*Kansas City Journal*.

CALIFORNIA'S resort hotels will be well patronized by "the 400" this winter. Best train for best travelers is The California Limited, via the Santa Fe.

EDGAR: In Chicago, Eustacia, the housewives keep their cooks by treating them as equals.

EUSTACIA: Oh, it's too late, Edgar, too late; cook wouldn't recognize me as her equal if I gave her a "tea" every afternoon in the week.—*Detroit Free Press*.

## WHAT'S A TABLE,

Though nicely spread, without Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne at its head?

"BUT," protested the new arrival, as St. Peter handed him a golden trumpet, "I can't play this instrument. I never practiced while on earth."

"Of course you didn't," chuckled the old man. "That's why you are here."—*Chicago News*.

## HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

"ARE you working—have you any engagement now?" asked the elastic skin man of the living skeleton.

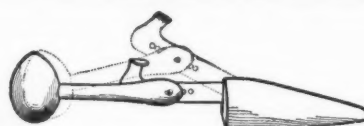
"No," replied the other freak, "I am what is known as 'an idle curiosity.'"—*Youth's Companion*.

DON'T despair. Ill health flees when Abbott's, the original Angostura Bitters are used.

ONCE, when passing through a cemetery in Lenox, Elliot Gregory was surprised to see that the members of one old New England family had been buried in a circle, with their feet toward its centre. He asked the reason for this arrangement, and a wit of that day, daughter of Mrs. Stowe, replied:

"So that when they rise at the Last Day, only members of their own family may face them!"—*Argonaut*.

MANY of "the 400" will rendezvous in California this winter. Best train for best travelers is The California Limited, via the Santa Fe.



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LIFE will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best anecdote, FIFTY DOLLARS for the second best anecdote, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the third best anecdote, subject to the following conditions:

- 1.—Anecdotes must not be longer than five hundred words, typewritten, on one side of paper only.
- 2.—Every anecdote sent in must first have appeared in some book or volume, the contents of which have not been published before its appearance. Anecdotes will not be considered which are taken from the bound volumes of magazines or periodicals of any description.
- 3.—There is no limit to the number of anecdotes that can be sent in by any one person. But no single contributor shall be entitled to more than one prize.
- 4.—Every anecdote must contain in the upper right-hand corner of the first sheet the title of the volume from which it is copied, the name of the publisher and the date of the publication of the volume. Where date is not given, this should be stated by the words ("No date").
- 5.—The contributor's name and address should be written plainly on the back of each manuscript.
- 6.—The anecdotes should be addressed to "Anecdote Editor of LIFE, No. 19 West Thirty-first Street,

New York," and should be accompanied in each case by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Otherwise the Editors will assume that in case of rejection the return of the manuscript is not desired, and it will be destroyed.

- 7.—Anecdotes will be read in the order received, and if there are duplicates, only the first will be considered.
- 8.—Any period in the world's history and any language can be drawn from, but if from a foreign language, anecdotes must be translated into English.
- 9.—The following definition from the Century Dictionary will govern the meaning of the word anecdote as applied to this contest:

A short narrative of a particular or detached incident or occurrence of an interesting nature; a biographical incident; a single passage of a private life.

10.—From the anecdotes received LIFE will publish the best. At the close of the contest the prizes will be awarded to the three contestants who, in the judgment of the Editors of LIFE, have contributed the best three anecdotes.

11.—The contest will close on February 1, 1902.

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*Le Caricaturiste:* MAIS DU MOMENT QUE MON PORTRAIT PARAÎTRA, JE NE SERAI PLUS UN INCONNU. — Polichinelle.

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